

## THE INDEPENDENT

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Daily (including Sunday) per year.....	\$ 10.00
Daily (including Sunday) six months.....	5.00
Daily (including Sunday) three months.....	2.50
Daily (including Sunday) one month.....	0.90
Daily (including Sunday) per month.....	0.75
Daily, by carrier, per week (7 issues) .....	0.75
Weekly (in advance only) per year.....	2.00

could have seen ahead he would have invested in real estate; that lots in his town and lands adjacent thereto had advanced in cash value from \$100 to 1,000 per cent. It is so here to-day; in a year it will be trebly true; in three years \$200 lots of to-day will be \$10,000 to \$60,000, and then you will regret you did not buy now."

How many Helena men have had that experience?

Remittances at the risk of subscriber unless made by registered letter, check, or postal or express order payable to The Independent Publishing Company.

Persons desiring THE INDEPENDENT served at their homes or places of business can order by postal card or through telephone No. 103. Please report cases of irregular delivery promptly.

Advertisements to insure prompt insertion should be handed in before 8 p. m.

Rejected communications not returned unless postage is inclosed.

HELENA, MONT., JAN. 13, 1890.

## CONDEMNED BY THEIR PRESS.

The St. Louis Globe-Democrat is not alone among the republican newspapers of the country in condemning the Montana republicans for their illegal efforts to elect United States senators. The Spokane Falls Review says:

The senatorial fight in Montana has been a disgrace to both parties. If, as predicted from Washington, the republican senate should send all four contestants back to their home state, and insist upon a regular, legal election by the legislature, the country would approve its action. That would be a high minded, manly, patriotic solution of the entire disgraceful squalor. The fight has been a foedr scramble that neither party can afford to sanction.

The Portland Oregonian is equally outspoken against the attempt to impose Sanders and Power upon the country as the genuine article. In reviewing the whole case it admits that Clark and Maginnis have an equal right with the republican claimants and adds:

Now, this is a legal question and a local question, and it ought to be decided at home. Montana is a full-fledged state, with presumably competent courts, and she should not call upon Washington to settle her state controversies. It is not creditable to the state that it has sent to the United States senate the first case in its history of two rival pairs of senators, elected by a double legislature.

Put the thing is done, and the only course left for the senate is to take up the local judicial function forced upon it, and set itself up as a court to determine the validity of the election of five senry members of a backwoods legislature in a remote precinct of the Rocky mountains. In no other way can it choose between the two pairs of senatorial claimants, soon to be present before the one bearing certificates from the governor, the other from the lieutenant governor and secretary of state. The senate will have to summon witnesses and hear evidence and decide the Tunnel precinct case—doing what should have been done by the Silver Bow county court: failing that, by the Montana supreme court: failing that, by the legislature. This is a queer function for the United States senate, and it is almost a scandal to impose it upon that august body; but if it is going to pass fairly upon the title to the Montana seats, we really don't see how it is going to escape it.

And the Oregonian and the country should not lose sight of the fact that the thrice proposed and thrice rejected offer of a joint investigation of the Silver Bow election, which would have settled the whole controversy, came from the democrats. Had the republicans not run away from such an investigation, there would now be but two senators on their way to Washington.

One of our city pastors, the Rev. Mr. Allen, has drawn a rather sombre picture of the lack of interest in church work and membership in Helena. We give some of his figures in another column. While the figures are not eloquent testimonials to Helena's godliness we doubt if the statistics of other cities are much more favorable. Let the people in any American city who are able to go to church and don't go to church suddenly rise up and go on any Sunday morning and they would find it impossible to get within the walls of the churches. Yet for all that the churches are growing and prospering as they never did before. A writer in Harper's Weekly has been collecting religious statistics for New York City which show a marvelous church growth in the past two years. In that time some fifty new houses of worship have been built or started at an aggregate cost of about \$5,000,000. The Roman Catholics have in this time projected some 12 cathedrals and churches, two of them costing each \$200,000, one \$150,000, one \$125,000, three \$100,000 and the remainder lesser amounts. The Protestant Episcopal church has built or begun to build eight houses of worship, one costing \$325,000, another \$300,000, a third \$250,000, a fourth \$200,000, a fifth and sixth \$150,000 each and the others at amounts under \$100,000. The Presbyterians also have a record of eight, but only one of these buildings is estimated to cost over \$100,000. The Methodists have been building three churches, one of which will cost \$175,000. The Baptists also have had three churches in course of building, but none of them will cost as much as \$100,000. A miscellaneous list of 11 houses of worship is given in addition, costing in the aggregate nearly \$800,000. This review does not include the proposed cathedral of St. John the Divine, the site for which alone has cost \$50,000; nor the various mission chapels and the church buildings not used for places of public worship.

Yet New York is certainly a very wicked city, and Sunday is little better observed there than in Helena. Still we are not apologizing for Helena. She ought to be better.

THE Kent, Washington, Advertiser, states a fact as true of this community as of that, in these words: "You have never seen a man who has lived three years in a western town who did not say that if he could have seen three years ahead of him he would have been worth a great many thousands of dollars more than he was when speaking—that if he

had invested in real estate; that lots in his town and lands adjacent thereto had advanced in cash value from \$100 to 1,000 per cent. It is so here to-day; in a year it will be trebly true; in three years \$200 lots of to-day will be \$10,000 to \$60,000, and then you will regret you did not buy now."

"Now, boys," said the superintendent, "what did Joseph's father give him?"

"A coat."

"Yes, a coat. What kind of a coat?"

"A blazer,"—New York Sun.

A Missouri tramp who was at the end of his rope gave himself up as a murderer wanted in Maine, and he thus got five months of food and shelter andlonizing before it was ascertained that he had never been as far east as Chicago in his life.

Wife—John, dear, define a philanthropist. Husband—A philanthropist, my love, is a man who gives away other people's money. Wife—And what is a philosopher? Husband—A philosopher is a man who bears with resignation the toothache from which his neighbor is suffering.—Boston Courier.

Business Man to New Boy—Can you stand running around a good deal? Are you used to walking?

New Boy—Yes, sir. I was the Little Lord Fauntleroy of a troupe that busted up in the Black Hills.—Pioneer Press.

"A young man who wants to succeed in life, should let cards alone," said the old gentleman to his son.

"Yes, sir; but suppose a Jack pot opened for \$5, and you had Jack high, what would you do?"

"Um," said the venerable sire, as he scratched his ear, "I would still let cards alone. I'd stand pat and bet the limit."—Merchant Traveler.

## ON THE SIDE.

It is not often that an exchange of salutations between friends will attract attention on a crowded and busy thoroughfare. Saturday afternoon while Main street was filled with men hurrying to and fro from the banks and business houses, a small-sized chunky-faced messenger boy was leaning idly against a telegraph pole on a busy corner. Suddenly a voice from the other side of the street roared out: "George, how's yer liver?" George braced up, gazed over on the other side until he spied a 12-year-old business associate, and answered in fog horn tones: "Good, how's your'n?" The moving mass on both sides of the street stopped for a moment, looked at the youngster, smiled and passed on.

I have read in books of the balmy breeze. That wafts about on eastern isles And sends its perfume over the seas And covers the dusky cheek with smiles. Comprise the nightingale to the rook. But not this to our own chinook.

The breath that comes from Cashmere's vale As soft and still as a rivulet flows, And carried it's richness to hill and dale With the perfume of the poet's rose.

What is this but a cursory look To the delicate breath of our own chinook.

So lovers may sing of the soft south wind: I love the wind that fortune breathes That blows it's kisses over the range And scatters summer before it leaves, For I find the world lies in a book When o'er the Rockies comes the chinook.

I have read in books of the balmy breeze. That wafts about on eastern isles And sends its perfume over the seas And covers the dusky cheek with smiles. Comprise the nightingale to the rook. But not this to our own chinook.

The breath that comes from Cashmere's vale As soft and still as a rivulet flows, And carried it's richness to hill and dale With the perfume of the poet's rose.

What is this but a cursory look To the delicate breath of our own chinook.

The inherited gravity of a Chinaman's nature seldom breaks into open manifestation of humor. One of Helena's citizens was passing a large Chinese laundry the other evening when he heard a great uproar inside. Opening the door he found, what do you think? Eight Chinamen dodging around tables, baskets and chairs, and fairly yelling with laughter. The center of attraction was a little shaggy, brown-coated terrier dog. A minstrel show is a tame affair to the fun those Chinamen were having with the playful pup. When there was a lull in the entertainment the visitor inquired who owned the dog. "Tom's dog," said one of the celestials, pointing to the proud owner. "Well, Tom, how much will you take for him?" Tom looked up to determine the sanity of the questioner. "Take no money," was the answer, as he gazed with a fond smile at the animal.

We adopted a plan for the extension of the present banking system, requiring the government to build one warehouse in every county of each state in the union, of sufficient capacity to hold the entire agricultural products of that county, giving the privilege to every producer to deposit his products there when ready for market, the government advancing 80 per cent of their value in treasury notes, non-interest bearing and payable for local taxes and import duty. These products are to be offered to remain in the warehouse two months, at the option of the producer, the government charging 1 per cent of value advanced, with actual cost of storage, no more and no less."

The mental calibre of this officer is indicated by his estimate that all these warehouses—one in each county, and each house large enough to hold the entire agricultural products of that county—"could be built for \$500,000."

It is upon such crazy schemes as this that thousands of farmers are induced to waste their meager energies. It is by such devices that they hope to improve their condition.

They would plaster the country with a paper currency based on stored pumpkins, potatoes, corn, cider, peanuts and watermelons, and all become rich out of the abundant supply of "cheap money." It is difficult to see why so many intelligent men can be led to think for one moment of such nonsense, while it is possible for them to gain substantial advantages by seeking sound legislation that shall justly increase the purchasing power of the money for which they now sell their products.

A correspondent of the American Wool Reporter, who is making inquiries in the west concerning farm mortgages, writes from Nebraska that corn is worth only 15 cents a bushel in the local markets of that state, while the selling price of wheat is 50 cents, and oats are sold at 11 cents, this pricing yielding an average of \$3.41 per acre. The farmers of Nebraska will never raise the selling prices of their crops by thinking and talking and voting about a warehouse scheme like the one described above, but they can make the money paid for their products at present prices worth more to them by causing a reduction of the prices they are required to pay for many of the necessities of life. And this reduction the farmers of the whole country can obtain by demanding a sharp reduction of all tariff duties that have been used, in the words of a prominent high-tariff journal, "as instruments of greed," and especially a reduction or the removal of all duties with the aid of which "combines" have made them the victims of extortion.

## CROSS-CUTS.

Don't treat a man with contempt because he is poor. Simply have nothing to do with him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

North Dakota has become a very dry state. It has a drought, prohibition and a deficit in the treasury.—Springfield Republican.

It is said that the only bands in Washington larger than the Marine band are Tom Reed's waistband and "grandfather's hat" band.

"If I were my own enemy," said a Brook lyn politician, "I could tell you some awful tough stories about myself.—N. Y. Journal.

You murmur, "How came it?"

In sad cadence,

Why, the door was left open.

And infences.

"Look here, my friend, you're drunk."

"Yesh shir."

"But I understand you to be a strong prohibitionist?"

"I am a prohibitionist, but I'm not bigoted."—N. Y. Herald.

We ought to establish in the United States a school of deportment for public men. And the first motto I should have up over the door would be: "Don't sit on your spine!"—Kate Field.

Some of the incongruities of printing a country newspaper, even an unusually good one, are thus indicated by the Jessamine Journal: "Some two years ago we did a job of printing for a man just over the

town till ambassadors had made my peace with the enraged populace and then I went to Montana to be elected senator by the democrats."

## NEW MEAT MARKET.

John J. Baek has opened the Broadway meat market on the corner of Davis and Broadway, where he will be pleased to see his many friends. Everything first-class. Give him a call.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS—BIDS ARE INVITED until January 15th, 1890, for furnishing all the lumber needed for the new Presbyterian church, according to plans and specifications to be seen at Shaffer & Reed's office. The committee reserves the right to accept any or all bids.

H. H. CUTTERET, Secretary.

NOTICE OF STOCKHOLDERS MEETING.—The annual election of directors of the First National Bank of Helena, Montana, will take place at said bank the second Tuesday in January.

E. W. KNIGHT, Cashier.

JARVIS-CONKLIN

## MORTGAGE

## TRUST

## COMPANY.

CAPITAL PAID UP, \$1,500,000.

Money may be tight in the Eastern Market, but we can accommodate every customer that may call upon us.

## GROUND FLOOR:

## BAILEY BLOCK.

DeLACY, LOEB & CO.

Real Estate,

Mortgage Loan

AND

Insurance Agents.

ROOMS 20 and 21 GOLD BLOCK.

TELEPHONE 266.

Bargains in All the Additions.

Cheap Adjacent Acre Property.

Largest Property List to Select From.

Represent Best Insurance Companies.

Losses Promptly and Satisfactorily Adjusted.

\$100,000 TO LOAN.

Farm and Ranch Loans a Specialty.

Correspondence Solicited.

Your Call Respectfully Solicited.

F. J. EDWARDS. - 19 MAIN STREET.

## H. TONN.

3 North Main Street, Helena.

## MILLINERY.

Beeve Hats, Best Qualities, \$2.50.

Trimmed Hats, Bonnets reduced to COST.

Untrimmed Felt Hats, etc. 50c. & \$1.

Also money to loan on Improved Farms and Ranches in Montana.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.

H. B. PALMER, Gold Block, Room 12, Second Floor.